

A Devil in Disguise

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/17353487) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/17353487>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , OMC
Additional Tags:	Will is getting blood thirsty , and revenge , ; , Hannibal is cool , Mind Control , mentions of past non-con
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of The Devil Wants His Due
Stats:	Published: 2019-01-08 Words: 4,080 Chapters: 1/1

A Devil in Disguise

by [SingingInTheRain](#)

Summary

Will finally gets the chance at revenge towards Sam for what he's done. Hannibal is more than happy to help out :)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Will nodded in satisfaction at his latest fishing lure. It had come out looking pretty nice, and he could feel the pleasant aching in his back and arms that came from being hunched over his work table for a long time. It was the good kind of ache, though, since it always reminded Will of a long day's work doing something he enjoyed.

He got up and stretched, listening to his shoulders crack and pop in protest to the movement after sitting mostly still for so long. Then he headed to the kitchen to refill the dog bowls, and grinned as his pack rushed to get their meals, acting like they hadn't been fed in days. They were all such little drama queens, Will couldn't help thinking affectionately.

Like he was cursed or something, Will's good mood quickly evaporated when his phone rang, and he recognized Sam's number. His heart started beating faster, and he shook his head, not wanting to ever talk to that man again. He felt completely violated by what had happened before, with no idea of whether he'd actually wanted to sleep with Sam or not. And he couldn't even talk to Hannibal about it, because of whatever Sam had done to force Will to keep his mouth shut.

Unsure of what to do, Will just stared at his phone and waited until the call went through to voicemail. Then he immediately called Hannibal, though as the phone rang, he had to wonder when he'd started to associate the devil of all people with a feeling of safety. Hannibal answered almost immediately. "Will?"

"Just called me," Will muttered, not even able to say Sam's name. "Didn't know what to do."

"Did you speak with him?"

Will shook his head, even though he knew that Hannibal wouldn't be able to see the motion over the phone. "No. I'm not sure what I would have even said to him. Not after what he did. I mean, he probably has no idea that I know, right? Unless he knew that I would tell you about it. But in that case it wouldn't make much sense for him stop me from telling you about him? Though I guess he could have just been trying to hide his full name and address so that you wouldn't actually be able to track him down?" Will was well aware of the fact that he was almost mindlessly babbling at this point, but he couldn't stop all of the words from just falling out.

To Hannibal's credit, he didn't try to interrupt Will, just waited patiently until Will was out of things to say, and then spoke in his comfortingly calm voice. "I could find Sam on his own given enough time, but it would be much easier if you request that the two of you meet up. Suggest your home. Knowing him, he will not want to put in the travel time, and when you offer up your usual coffee shop instead, he will think nothing of it. I will meet you there. Do not fear, Will. I will not allow anything to happen to you."

Will nodded. "Thanks." He didn't think that the single word was enough to really sum up his gratitude, but it was all that he could think to say. Death wasn't something that he was afraid of, not after having died and come back to life multiple times already. But the idea of someone else being able to control him- that was something he couldn't stand the thought of.

He hung up without waiting for a response for Hannibal, trying to remind himself that he hated the man. Didn't he? Hannibal had killed him once already, and made an unsavory deal with Will. But he couldn't deny that there was something familiar and comforting about Hannibal. Strange as it may sound when talking about the devil himself, but Hannibal felt safe.

After taking a few minutes to collect himself, not wanting to sound unsteady when talking to Sam, he went into his list of recent callers and clicked on Sam's number. He wasn't sure if Sam could mess with his mind over the phone, but he sincerely hoped not. Maybe he should have asked Hannibal about it. Then again, knowing wouldn't make him feel any better, so maybe it was for the best that he hadn't.

It didn't take long for Sam to answer, and he spoke with such warmth in his voice that it was hard to believe he was the one who'd already messed with Will. "Will! It's so good to hear from you."

Will held the phone away from his ear for a moment so that he could take in a deep breath and let it out without Sam hearing the noise, and then when he was ready, spoke with perfect composure. "Yeah, sorry I missed your call earlier. I was busy working on my lures." He hesitated for just a moment before continuing, feeling sick to his stomach at what he was about to say. "I had a really great time the other night. I'm really glad to have met you, Sam. Do you maybe want to spend some more time together? You haven't been to my home yet, and I could cook for you."

Sam laughed. "As tempting as that sounds, I don't think I can pull myself away from work for long enough to make the trip all the way to Wolf Trap, sorry. But I would love to spend some more time together."

Will shrugged, letting himself fall into the character of a man who wasn't doing anything against his will. "Maybe some other time then. For now, how about that coffee shop? It seems to have become our usual place already."

There was a brief pause, and the sound of a keyboard clacking on Sam's end, and then he spoke with a smile in his voice. "I'd like that. I know it'll take you some time to get up here, so let's say we'll meet there in two hours or so. I can't wait to see you, Will."

"Me neither." Then he hung up, and sank down into the nearest chair, leaning forward to rest his head on his hands. Why was this his life? He tried to think back, wondering if there was any one specific moment that had led him down this path. Had it been when he pursued a suspect and got himself shot and killed? Was it when he actually listened to Jack Crawford and went out into the field for the first time? Was it when he'd been stabbed because he was an idiot? Or when he'd gone to become a cop in the first place? Or maybe it was just that he was always meant to catch Hannibal's attention. It seemed hard to say for sure. There probably wasn't much point in pondering it anyways. It wasn't like he could go back and change anything anyways.

After changing into something a little nicer, Will made sure the dogs' bowls were full, played with them for a few minutes, and then headed out. He drove slowly, not quite wanting to reach his destination. He had his gun on him, but he wasn't sure how useful that would be

against someone like Sam. He'd shot Hannibal in the heart and head, and it hadn't even made the man flinch, so even if Sam wasn't quite on Hannibal's level, it was hard to say for sure what he'd be capable of.

Will got to the coffee shop just on time, thanks to his slow driving, and he went inside to get a drink and settle down at one of the corner tables. He knew that Sam would have no reason to drug him, but it still made him better to know that the other man hadn't handled anything Will would be drinking at the moment.

It didn't take long after that for Sam to show up. He paused in the doorway to glance around the interior of the shop, and then shot Will a warm smile when he spotted him. Sam got his own drink before walking over to sit in the seat across from Will. "It's so good to see you again. I nearly forgot how lovely you are."

Had the compliments always been laid on this thick? Will couldn't remember enough of his past conversations with Sam to say for sure. Instead, he just offered a smile of his own, knowing that he could make himself look much more friendly than he was feeling. "Well we can't have that, can we?" He forced himself not to reach under his jacket just to double check that his gun was still there. "So what've you been up to?"

Sam shrugged. "Not much. Mostly just work and spending time with the kids. The ones I babysit," he elaborated when Will's face showed mild confusion. Will vaguely remembered the room full of toys in Sam's house. He hoped that those children's parents would be able to find new babysitters once Sam was dealt with. "What about you, Will? I'm sure that the life of a special agent is one that never gets boring."

Will took a slow sip of his drink to contemplate his answer before actually responding. "I suppose I've got one of the few jobs where violent crimes are good for business," he said in a soft voice, not wanting the conversation to be overheard by random strangers sitting nearby. "But fortunately for the people, it's been a fairly quiet week."

That made Sam bark out a little laugh, and gave Will a mischievous look that had been much more attractive before Will had known that there was something wrong with Sam. "Well, I'm sure that the two of us could think of a fun way to make things a little noisier."

Will arched one eyebrow. "Are you suggesting we commit a violent crime?" he couldn't help asking in bemusement.

Sam snorted. "I was thinking of an activity that just requires the two of us." If it were Hannibal sitting there, Will had no doubts that the man would be quite eager to go out and murder people with Will by his side. Even if that thought was revolting, it still seemed a lot more appealing than spending more time with Sam. And where was Hannibal, anyways? Shouldn't he be here by now to do whatever it is he planned on doing to stop Sam?

Trying to remain as discreet as possible, Will glanced around the room, hoping to spot one of Hannibal's stupid paisley ties, or that smug grin of his. But he didn't see anything, and then he had to focus back on Sam before it became apparent that he was looking for someone else. If he were facing off against any other criminal right now, Will would have no problem taking care of it on his own, but he had no defenses against some supernatural demon

creature. That feeling of defenselessness irked Will. He didn't want to be some damsel in distress, or someone who was only useful for being bait, but admittedly, there wasn't much else he could do at the moment.

He and Sam chatted for a little while longer, about inane things that Will forgot about almost as soon as the words were out of his mouth. None of this conversation was important. All that mattered was keeping Sam distracted long enough for Hannibal to make his move. Though Will couldn't stop that sinking feeling in his stomach and the thought that maybe Hannibal wasn't going to come after all. Maybe seeing Will so weak had made him realize that he could find a more worthy consort, and he had purposely encouraged Will to return to the lion's den to be eaten. It was a depressing thought.

After almost an hour passed without Hannibal showing up, Will decided that it was long past time for him to make his escape. He knew that if Sam hadn't messed with his head before, that spending time with him would be rather pleasant. Then again, maybe Will just couldn't recall any blunders in their chats because Sam wanted him to forget. Perhaps he'd even extended such manipulation to this conversation. Even when Will wracked his brain, he couldn't think of a particular instance that seemed odd, but it was still a possibility, and he hated that.

Will glanced down at his watch, and then looked up to give Sam an apologetic look. "I'm sorry to cut this meeting so short, but I should really be heading home now. I have some papers to finish grading before my students decide to mutiny." He chuckled, and stood up.

Before he could walk away, Sam reached out to gently grab Will's wrist, and then tilted his head back to shoot him a nice smile. "You should come home with me, Will. I'm quite sure that we could find all kinds of fascinating things there. At least more interesting than some FBI trainee papers."

Will blinked once, then nodded. "You're right. It would be a shame if I came all the way here just to go back empty handed." Even as he followed Sam outside and towards his fancy car, Will couldn't help furrowing his eyebrows. Wasn't he supposed to be waiting for Hannibal here, where it was safe and public? Why would he-? Dammit! This had to be Sam messing with his head again, though Will couldn't, for the life of him, figure out how it had happened. All he knew was that he wanted more than anything to go back to Sam's house, and his body was intent on fulfilling that wish.

He didn't fidget in the passenger seat of Sam's car, though he wasn't sure if it was because he was in good control of himself, or because Sam was in good control of him. He was at least able to stare out the window as they drove instead of talking with Sam. Maybe it showed that he was in a quiet mood.

Where the hell was Hannibal? Why hadn't he shown up like he said he would? It was hard to have faith in the man if he wasn't going to keep his word, if he wasn't going to show up to make Sam regret everything he'd done. Wait- 'have faith in the man'? When had Will ever had faith in the devil? He squeezed his eyes shut, and tried to keep out thoughts of the many fascinating conversations he'd had with Hannibal. Of the game between them that seemed more fun than frightening. Of the way he inherently trusted Hannibal to keep his word about

only killing those Will told him to. But none of that mattered if Hannibal just wasn't going to show up when it was most important.

They stopped at a red light just a block away from Sam's house, and Will's eyes drifted towards the rearview mirror. He stopped himself from gasping out loud at the sight of a familiar Bentley behind them. The front window of the car was so dark that it was impossible to see the driver's face, but Will knew that it had to be Hannibal. Had he been following them the entire time?

Then they reached their destination, and Will hopped out of the car before Sam could walk around and open the door for him like some kind of gentleman. Sam shrugged, and started to chuckle, but then froze when he realized that the car behind them was pulling up into his driveway, and then an angry look took over his face. "What the hell?" He barked at Will to stay where he was, and then stomped over to the Bentley, hands on his hips. "Hey, pal, you're at the wrong house!"

The door popped open, and then Hannibal stepped out, smoothing down invisible wrinkles in his vest and tie. Even though Will had recognized Hannibal's car, it still felt like a relief to actually see Hannibal with his own eyes. His shoulders slumped down as he finally let himself relax for the first time since Sam had entered the coffee shop. "I'm terribly sorry about that," Hannibal apologized in a tone that somehow sounded genuine. "Perhaps you could give me directions? I'm looking for a landfill. One that would be suitable for throwing away the garbage."

Sam frowned. "Look, I don't know what the hell you're talking about, but you're trespassing on my property right now, and if you don't leave me alone, then I will call the police."

Hannibal gave a miniscule shrug. "That is unfortunate. I was offering to let you choose your own resting place. If you are rude enough to turn down my generosity, then I can't truthfully call you undeserving of your fate." Will wanted to go over to Hannibal's side, but he felt like his feet were glued to the ground, so all he could do was stand there and watch. He knew that Hannibal wouldn't be stupid enough to do anything in full view of the street, but it was entertaining to listen to Hannibal talk to Sam.

Sam didn't seem to understand the danger of the situation. "Just get the hell out of here," he growled in what was probably supposed to be a menacing way.

But Hannibal was unaffected. "Are you not going to invite me inside?" He arched one eyebrow, and then gave a small sigh, as though he just could not believe the rudeness that he was up against at the moment. Then he finally tilted his head to look over at Will. "I am terribly sorry for not appearing sooner, but I believed that it would be best to take care of business somewhere private, and I would not want to stain the flooring in my own home. Are you alright?"

Will nodded. "Fine," he muttered. "So we're going inside, then?"

Sam narrowed his eyes, and looked back and forth between Will and Hannibal in confusion. "What is-?" he cut himself off before he could finish asking his question, and then his eyes widened in alarm before realization struck him. He immediately took several large steps

backwards, and then kept his entire attention focused on Hannibal. “So I was right! It’s taken me a long time to track you down, and then when I found you, I wasn’t sure, because I figured that you’d never be foolish enough to stay on Earth for so long, and yet, here you are.”

“Here I am,” Hannibal agreed, voice mild. “Though I’m afraid that I must inform you of a fact you seem to have overlooked. Between the two of us, only one will sorely regret that you found me. Perhaps I would have felt like being more generous towards you, if it weren’t for the fact that you harmed my beloved.”

Will could feel his face heat up in response to that word, and knew that he had to be bright red at the moment. He couldn’t believe Hannibal had just said that so casually, as if everyone would already know that that’s how he felt. Sam’s shoulders tensed up, and he clenched his hands into fists. “Well it’s not exactly an accident that I chose your whore to mess around with.”

Despite the friendly, pleasant look on Hannibal’s face, his eyes were quite cold, and it was so obvious that he was in the mood for murder that Will wondered how Sam could possibly miss that. “Now if you don’t mind freeing Will so that we can all go inside and chat?”

Sam snarled. “As if.” He glanced over at Will. “If he attacks me in any way, you are going to kill yourself in the most painful possible way that you can find.” Then he turned back to Hannibal, looking triumphant. Hannibal didn’t even look phased for a moment. Maybe it was because he could just bring Will back to life again, or maybe it was just because he had a plan that would still work.

Will no longer felt like his feet were stuck to the ground, which was a relief, but he just knew that he wouldn’t be able to avoid Sam’s command. Sam snorted. “Now let’s go inside, where we can all be civilized people, huh?”

The three of them walked inside the large house, and Sam led the way into a grand dining room. He went over to the liquor cabinet to grab a few glasses, and Will stayed back to speak to Hannibal in a whisper. “What the hell are we going to do now? I don’t know what you’re into, but personally, I’m not looking forward to finding a way to torture myself to death.”

Stupid Hannibal said nothing, just gave Will a fond smile. Well, there were only so many options left now. He had no idea if Sam’s sway over him would last if he got far enough away, or if enough time passed, but it wasn’t something that he wanted to put to the test. If Hannibal did anything to attack, he might be able to move fast enough to kill Sam and then stop Will from hurting himself, but what if the compulsion didn’t go away even after Sam died?

Then there was really only one viable option left. Sam hadn’t said anything about incurring a punishment if Will were to be the one to attack. Maybe he wouldn’t be able to actually kill the demon, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t try. At the very least, he’d hopefully cause a bit of harm.

Before he could start second-guessing himself, Will whipped out his gun and fired multiple times into Sam’s back. Sam fell forward, crashing into the liquor bottles, causing many of

them to shatter beneath him. He was sprawled out on the floor, blood spilling out. “Did I actually kill him?” Will couldn’t hide his surprise at the thought of actually being victorious.

Hannibal shook his head, and then reached out to gently rest his hand on top of Will’s to get him to lower the gun. “He will not perish from the wounds, but they will keep him down long enough for me to bind him for you.”

“For me?” Will gulped, unsure of just what he’d gotten himself into here.

As he answered, Hannibal was making his way over to Sam’s fallen body. “Yes. I cannot attack him without putting you at risk. You are not capable of killing him yourself, and even if you were, I would insist on making him feel proper regret for his actions. But you are a creative, clever boy, Will. I’m sure you can find a way to get him to free you from his words.”

Will furrowed his eyebrows in thought as he tucked his gun away again. “You want me to torture him? But wouldn’t he just tell me to stop?”

He couldn’t quite see what Hannibal was doing as he knelt over Sam, but when he stood back up, the demon was gagged and bound tightly. “He won’t be doing any talking until he has set you free.” He easily grabbed Sam and slung him over one shoulder in an impressive show of strength, and then began walking through the house like he owned the place. They ended up in one of the guest bedrooms upstairs, where Sam was deposited onto the bed none too gently. “If you want to take a few minutes to explore the house, I’m sure you’ll find plenty of tools that can be used to express your creativity.”

Will shrugged and left the bedroom. He didn’t think there was any point in arguing with Hannibal about this- he wanted Sam to pay for what he did, and he didn’t want to wind up dead. He didn’t agree completely with torture, but he was surprisingly more okay with it than he might have been a year ago.

He grabbed a few knives from the kitchen, and then found a few particularly lethal looking kids toys. He went into the bathroom and found a box of razor blades. Lastly, he found a small workshop in the back of the house with sandpaper, bolt cutters, and a pair of kitchen scissors. As he headed back up to the bedroom Sam was tied up in, he passed by a mirror hanging on the wall, and he was startled to see a wide grin on his face.

End Notes

The next installment of this story could totally be a torture porn type of thing, or it could just be a basic fade to black and just show the aftermath- totally up to you guys :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!